

ROLL L E R D E R B Y

LISA,

3/3/90

G'DAY! YOU DON'T KNOW ME, BUT I'M HOPING YOU'VE HEARD OF ME. MY NAME IS TIM STEGALL, AND I'M A 24-YEAR-OLD, SEX PISTOLS-OBSESSED WRITER COVERING ALL MANNER OF NOISE / GRUNGE / PUNK / FILTH FOR MAGS LIKE YOUR FLESH, ALTERNATIVE PRESS, OPTION, + SHEET METAL. I WAS ALSO A CONTRIBUTOR TO FLIPSIDE FOR TWO-AND-A-HALF YEARS, WHERE MY G.G. ALLIN PIECE ACTUALLY KICKED OFF THE ONGOING DEBATE ON THE CAT IN THE LETTERS COLUMN. I ALSO MANAGED TO PISS OFF A NUMBER OF THE MAG'S READERS WITH MY ANTI-H.C. STANCE, AND THEY STILL GET MAIL GRIPING ABOUT SIX MONTHS AFTER I'VE LEFT! DIG THESE QUOTES FROM LAST ISSUE'S LETTERS SECTION: "... K-MART COSLOV / COLEY MODEL" (OBVIOUSLY, THIS GEEZER DON'T KNOW COSLOV + I GET ALONG ABOUT AS WELL AS TWINKIES + GASOLINE!), AND (BOY, DO I LUV THIS ONE!) "A MUSICAL NAZI" (!!! GEE, WONDER WHAT THIS MAKES MRR + THEIR "UNLESS YOU LIKE THE SAME BORING THRASH BANDS WE LIKE + BELIEVE IN THE EXACT SAME LEFTOVER HIPPIE IDEALS WE POSSESS, YOU'RE A FASCIST" IDEOLOGY?)


I DUNNO. I GUESS THIS IS A WIDE-TO-LONG ATTEMPT AT SAYIN' I'M AS INTRIGUED AS FUCK BY WHAT I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU, + I WANNA GET SOME OF YOUR STUFF TO REVIEW IN MY COLUMN IN SHEET METAL ("WHITE NOISE RIOT FROM TEENAGE BABYLON"). THE SAD PART IS, I'M TOO FUCKIN' BROKE TO SEND THE STANDARD XEROXES OF A WRITER'S WORK ARTISTS DEMAND AS I.D. THAT SAID WRITER AIN'T SHITTIN' 'EM AS TO HIS IDENTITY. WHICH EXPLAINS ALL THE FUCKIN' DRAGGADOCIO ABOVE: I'M HOPIN' MY "REPUTATION" (HAH!) HAS REACHED YOU, + THAT YOU'VE SEEN MY STUFF / NAME BEFORE, + THAT I DON'T HAFTA GO THROUGH ALL THAT MILARKEY.

MAYBE IT'D HELP IF I FLOGGED MY FRIENDSHIP WITH G.G.? YOU SEEM TO DIG HIM. HE'S BEEN A PAL FOR SEVERAL YEARS, NOW. 'T WAS A BIG FAN OF MY OLD FANZINE, NOISE NOISE. IN FACT, WHEN I STARTED BEIN' PLAGUED WITH THE FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES WHICH EVENTUALLY SHUT NNN DOWN + FORCED ME INTO FREELANCING, HE VOLUNTEERED SOME UNRELEASED MATERIAL FOR A COMP. TAPE I'D PLANNED TO RELEASE TO ALLEVIATE MY WOES! COOL GUY! EVERYTHING EVER SAID ABOUT HIM IS TRUE, BUT THERE'S ALSO ANOTHER SIDE TO HIM, WHICH NEVER SEES THE SPOTLIGHT. HE'S ACTUALLY REAL BRIGHT, WELL-READ, SHARP, SENSITIVE (IF YOU CAN BELIEVE IT!), CARING (DITTO!). HE'S PROBABLY THE ONLY TRUE AND HE'S DOIN' FINE. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME I EVER HEARD HIM SOBER, + HE SAID HE'S AMAZED AT HOW MUCH CLEARER HE'S THINKIN' WITHOUT DRUGS + BOOZE! THEN LET HIM HAVE A GUITAR + WALKMAN, + HE'S ALLOWED TO WEAR STREET CLOTHES (I, OF COURSE, ASKED IF WORKING ON HIS AUTOBIO, + SEZ HE'S TALKING WITH ENIGMA (!!!) ABOUT PUTTING OUT HIS 12TH POST-PRISON LP. HE WANTS TO GET JEFF DAHL TO PRODUCE, + I MAY PLAY GUITAR WITH HIM, TOO. WHICH'S FINE BY ME, SO LONG AS HE DOESN'T GET ANY SHIT + BLOOD ON SHE HAVE) CRABS FOR PETS (?)".

LOOK, LISA. I DUNNO IF ANY OF THIS SELF-FLAGGELATION'S DOIN' ME ANY GOOD OR NOT. SUFFICE TO SAY I'M INTERESTED, + WANNA COVER RAPE G.G., DRUGS ARE NICE, BELOW. SO, LEMME HELP MAKE YA FAMOUS! MY ADDRESS + PHONE ARE

SIDES, I THOUGHT YA LOOKED WAY HOT IN FLIPSIDE! (GAWD, I'M SUCH A SWT...) TAKE CARE, + I HOPE I HEAR FROM YA SOON....

STAY CLEAN,

Tim Stegall 
KING OF THE BOP

#1

(7-11)

-40

4619

* - CHEAP, SEXIST-TYPE STATEMENT. YOU KNOW US TEXANS: WE'RE ALL BIG, LOUD, + DUMB!

①

EDITORIAL

Rollerderby was originally going to be another Disaster fanzine by Bill Callahan. Then Lisa said she would help, and we decided to change the name to Rollerderby. Then Costes was supposed to supply drawings and "stuff," but he forgot to. Then Bill dropped out. So I suppose that makes me editor.

--Lisa Carver, Fall 1990, New Hampshire

LETTERS



←Katrina

Lisa Suckdog (butts),

Is my pictures more tempting than those farm yard animals or your little girls virgin stinkbutt cunts? Moon (my lover) thinks so! Your horish, lesbian, sleezy, Aids victum, fuckdog self is very lucky to have not wrote or send shit to Moon in the mail. I would've had to have gotton nasty! How does it feel to be a hore, little girl lover, animal's hole lover and a stink butt lickier? You like shit in your mouth don't you? How about some piss to wash it down with? Go tell "Billy the Goat" to get to it! I'm threw waisting my time with you slut.

Death,

Katrina

Dear Collective Suckdog Entity, August 18, 90 anno Freudus

I have to admit that I can't really tell when you (collective entity) are joking & when you are serious, but I have to admit (I don't know why this letter is so full of admissions; your dominant sadistic attitude maybe?) that I got the impression that you (collective entity) are basically a wholesome normal type out to exploit us underground misfits, & your interviews have only reinforced this impression. Of course I could be misinterpreting an ironic sense of humor, but somehow I doubt it. Anyway, here's 8 bucks for your wonderful record. I always answer chain letters, so here are some for you to answer and send out tapes to punish this good world. I would respect you (collective entity) if I believed that that's why you do it, but somehow I really can picture you (collective entity) as an elimentary school teacher in 1996, rushing home to your vibrator before your macho former-punk husband gets home from the office.

Yours in Kropotkin,

Elliot Cantsin

Lisa you babe you,

8-23-90

I'm writing in red because it best expresses my passion for you.

What's this I read yesterday in a local rag that Suckdog is coming to Minneapolis on Sept. 28 for a show at 7th St. Entry? Jesus, I just about masturbated. You bet your tasty little bippy I'm going to be there.

You know I've told you I'm lonely and bored here, so you know what I'm going to say. How about coming back to my place before/after the show? I'm safe, squeaky clean and practically virginal. Take me I'm yours. Let me be your groupie--your conquest--you know--'I wanna be your dog.' Seriously. I'm majorly hot for your butt because there aren't any wild gals in Minnesota. Sure some of them look pretty wild--but they aren't--I know, OK? So save a guy from going nuts and rock and roll with me. Please PLEASE PLEASE!!! Come on Lisa--do it to me! Just kidnap me and go snake on me. Tie me to a bed and do anything you want with me. I'm begging you. Just you and me--let me pass into SUCKDOG legend by being your sex slave. You can write about it your next tour diary. Let's do it--I'll suck your honeybox till my nose bleeds--just get your palm around my balls and give 'em a squeeze and I'll do almost anything you ask in bed. PLEASE LISA!

Totally fucking hot for you,
Brad Smith, your love ♡ slave

Darling Lisa

13 May 90

Do you find Miller attractive? I do want you to write him--and fuck him! Do you like the sketches of me? I'd be so totally flattered if you masturbate over them!

Darling--when is your birthday?

Do send me your phone #!

I love you! Consider your legs kissed!

-Your Cunt-
Laurielle

Darling Lisa

19 July 1990

"Story of O"--naturally. I read it at 13--the same year I lost my virginity. I read it--and masturbated for hours. I spent a lot of Friday nights at 14 or 15 being gang-banged on picnic tables or car hoods at the park near my school. Passion--I do believe in passion and pleasure--wherever I find them.

I'll be in New Orleans Saturday night--a few tricks to pay for my fall wardrobe--and maybe a new VCR. When LSU is back in session I'll be doing fraternity parties again.

Write soon! Sleep naked! Send a phone #! Write to Miller!

Black Roses--
Laurielle

Lisa

24 July 90

Darling--these are actual nipple clamps--hope you fancy them. I love the way mine feel...

I do wish you'd send me a phone #...

This weekend I get \$500 to be a "hostess" at a big party at a marina on the Gulf. Sex on sailboats...yum!

Do you like Clock DVA?

Kisses & 69--
Laurielle

2 July 90

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RIVIERA
Hotel & Casino
Las Vegas

Great Hotel! When you get
to Las Vegas, don't miss The Riviera!

P.S.

Lisa -
Just back from a
long weekend. Vegas is so
totally sleazy that it's fun.
Trips out of town - one to
the thug I like about being
a whore... it's like being a
bitch - playing out my own video.
ask your advice - I do \$100
New Orleans. It's in the
weekends, how should I change?
your judgment... How's life
my darling? Any word on the
tape? Have you written Miller?
for new photos of you...
No write soon!
love - Laurie



ADDRESS

Ms. LISA C. CARVER
P.O. Box 1491
DOVER NH
03820

Darling Lisa--

3 August 90

It's a miracle every month when my period arrives. I've always been totally sloppy about birth control--I've had 8 years of luck, I guess. I almost never use anything. I mean--sometimes I'll use condoms with my tricks, or a boy at a club will have one in his wallet, or I'll remember my little sponges. Most of the time, though...nothing. I get drunk and tell myself that I like the risk. Sluts take risks. I've been a slut since junior high. And I really do love the feel of cum going inside me. Cunt, ass, mouth--I just like the sensation of having a man come in me. (I like it between my tits, too.) The risk--especially when I'm trashed--is a turn-on. And my luck has been good--no diseases, no babies. But how long can it last?

I get very scared when my period's due. Every single month. I tell myself to take the pill--or only fuck girls--but I never listen. So I sit here and hope I'm not pregnant. I chain-smoke and brood and bitch.

Do you ever want to have a baby? I'd have Miller's. Or my black friend Andre's. No problem. But I'd never be sure it was one of theirs. I don't want just some-one random's baby. It would have to be someone very clever and bright--even if the father never knew.

I got a copy of Dijkstra's "Idols of Perversity". It's very fascinating. He misses something about mirrors. Mirrors are very rare in Europe until after 1850--they're things found in the homes of the urban aristocracy. A village barber might have a small one, but he'd be more likely to have nothing at all--or only a piece of polished copper. A painter showing a woman at a mirror in that time was making a statement about her class--her wealth--not her vanity.

I sent you two packages--clothes and sex toys. Try the dildos. And send me a photo of you in the skirts. You have such delicious legs in the video...

If I'm not pregnant this month...I do want to have sex with a dog.

Please write a note for Miller! You two would be so hot together!

Black Roses--

Lauriells

Lisa--

8 Aug. 90

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Here is a photo of me in my "model" pose. Just so you'll know--I'm not wearing underwear. I've never worn underwear. And, yes, Chad and Eric, the two guys I was posing for, both fucked me about 15 minutes after this picture. They never could admit they were really gay, but they always fucked me together. Oh, well... I do like 3-ways.

Much love--
Laurielle

Dear Bill

Saint Denis, France early March 1990

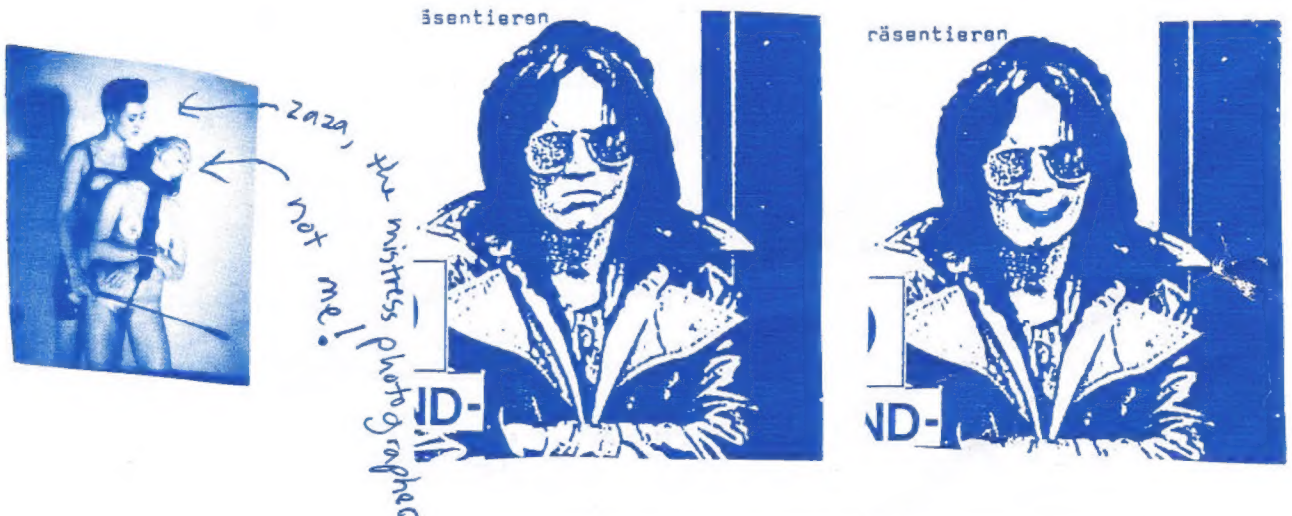
Jean-Louis is calling me now to come practice the show. We've been fighting. He threw a bowl of porridge at me and it got in my hair, but I just sat there and yawned, because I know that annoys him. So he picked up the bowl and threw it at me again.

This Bondage and Discipline magazine interviewed me. It was held in this weird garage with shackles hanging from the walls--seriously. They tried to get me to don leather gloves and some sort of brassiere with nails in it and pretend to ride this big black Harley they had there, but I wouldn't do it. I offered instead to ride a broken-down 5-speed bicycle hidden away shamefully behind some strange black objects in the corner. I would ride it sans spiked bra or gloves, and they said OK, but I doubt they'll put me in their magazine now. The bicycle even had this little horn on it. I kept on beeping it, and the mistress photographer kept rolling her eyes at the slave interviewer.

Wednesday we leave for Berlin. We're going to do the show half in German, half in English. Some of the translations from French to English came out funny. Here's what I (the prostitute) say to J-L (my pimp): "Here, my dear, take the cash/ It's the fruit of my ass./ Here, my dear, take the dough,/ It's the 'yes' of my 'no-no!'"

Uwe Hamm just called to say we'll be playing another place in Germany too, with ...guess who?...Nick Zedd! Oh Lord! Your mother didn't know what she was saying when she said you romanticize your depressions. Uwe said Nick through a fork at a waitress.

-Lisa



NICK ZEDD
NEW YORK UNDERGROUND

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Dear Bill,

Berlin, Germany Middle March 1990

Our train travel was 17 hours. There are so many stars in a German sky. There is also a surprising abundance of mustaches on the men. Bill, it's so exciting here! Maybe it's because the wall just got smushed and the East Berliners are coming in in droves and making a black market and everyone is HOT HOT HOT with get-rich-quick schemes, and the West Berliners are nervous because they think they are losing their paradise--I don't know--in any case, everyone is moving moving MOVING!

LATER: I am currently hiding in the club bathroom, pouting. Because I couldn't pee in the show YOU CANNOT IMAGINE HOW FURIOUS IT MAKES ME TO NOT BE ABLE TO CONTROL MY BODILY FUNCTIONS. Oh, the shame, the shame, the peeless shame.

You know what we could have done today? We could have gone to a museum of German expressionist paintings, and then gone to a hotel and gone to bed. Instead, we came to this club and the people fucking drove me crazy with their yelling and whistling when we tried to do the sensitive, fine art parts of the opera. I had to go slap their faces to teach them manners (I mean operatic manners), and that ruined the sensitive parts.

NEXT MORNING: We slept at the same place as Nick and Uwe, and I am currently waiting for Nick to get OUT of the bathroom. He's been in there for almost an hour and a half now, doing I don't know what, but I do know that the hairdryer was going for a solid forty minutes. He seems nice enough though, all in all.

Today we go back to Saint Denis just to feed the cat and water the garden, even though it is out of our way and will cost a lot of money. - Lisa

Dear Bill,

Ixelles, Belgium Late March 1990

I'm in Belgium. Thirty minutes 'til showtime. There are a lot of black trees with numerous white blossoms in Northern Europe, and a lot of pretty yellow bushes. I'm lonely.

NEXT DAY: The place we played in last night was a Catholic College. This morning in a restaurant we overheard some people saying, "Well, I didn't actually see the show, but I heard that some really wrong things went on last night." They went on to repeat some of what they heard, and somehow ended up speaking to us. They didn't know we were the perpetrators of the wrong things, so we just frowned in vague agreement.

If there's one thing that keeps me out of college, it's that mysterious something that makes all students like The Beatles.

TWO DAYS LATER: We played another show in Belgium. Our show ended at 2AM, and the club turned into a discotheque. I smashed this guy's glass of beer and my fingers were bleeding. Another guy was kneeling on the ground and snot was dripping out of his nose. Some other girl threw a glass at J-L. (She didn't like the show.) She attacked me and bit my shoulder until it bled. I scratched her neck and kneed her in the groin. Another girl grabbed me and we danced. - Lisa

RECORD REVIEWS:

We get all these records in the mail because Bill used to do a fanzine. But we couldn't review them here because we don't have a record player. So, we were going to just review the record covers, but they were all completely boring, and we were uninspired. Lisa did find one she liked, though: Pussy Galor's Historia de la Rock, because it looks so much like the Saturday Night Fever cover.



COZ THE SHROOM

Number One, Neutron Jukebox. (sniffs) A detonating atomic device, right? Backing tapes and a jam box. (sniffs) Conception, OK? Conception versus reality. Reality is something that may never happen, right? (sniffs) And with a casing capable of housing one fully-charged Coz The Shroom (who will be in costume in preparation behind a black velvet curtain, or at least a very cedorative and classy-looking curtain.) (sniffs) Someone slides a coin into an opening, the curtain goes back, the jambox turns on, and the fully-charged Coz The Shroom is allowed to detonate. (sniffs) Where, man? In your neighborhood, man. To the masses.

Question Number Two, Allah. Capital A, double l, a, h. (sniffs) That is the name of God. It is written that if all the oceans in the world were made of ink and all the trees were made of pens, they could never adequately write down even one of Allah's attributes, so how is it that I can even mention Allah in a way that gives him proper glory? (sniffs)

Diannah, Number Three. (sniffs) Diannah is my girlfriend, I've been going out with her for three years. In September, God willing, we'll be married. I've recently proposed marriage to her, and she accepted. I feel that marriage is not an empty ceremony and it's not a ritual and it's not a mere scrap of legal paper: It's a religious act whereby you and the bride, within your own hearts, and of your own acquiescence, sanctify your relationship before God by saying that you will abide by the will of God and that that will be the basis of your relationship. All of the requirements of my religious marriage are met at this point, and we are ready to be married. And we've already committed people to knowing we'll be married. (sighs) But...we also have to honor the laws of Texas, which say to get a marriage license. This I did not know when I proposed marriage to her. I don't know if you want to print any of that though. I think it would be best for you just to print that we'll be married if it is the will of God. (pause)

Number Four, ULCER!!! What happened was: way before Thanksgiving I'd be waking up and my stomach would feel like shit and I'd be nauseated all the time. Well, a little before Thanksgiving I started getting very bad stomach ACHES and it seemed like any time I put anything into my stomach--even water--I would get these ACHES, right? I was real high-strung about working two jobs at one time, and I

was eating a shitload of jalapenos. Then someone at work told me, "Hey man, just drink Aloe Vera juice, just drink it all the time." Because Aloe Vera is the healing plant. I swallowed the first drink and IMMEDIATELY I could feel it coat my stomach and NUMB, get rid of all the pain, it was GONE, man. After about a month of drinking that I could start eating normal food again. But my Thanksgiving dinner, as a result of my ulcer, was nothing more than two handfuls of mashed potatoes, a little tiny corner of a slice of ham, and a LITTLE bit of cranberry-sauce, and that was it, man. I wasn't gonna eat no turkey anyway. (sniffs) I'm not actually a vegetarian; I eat seafood. I prefer to call myself an aquatarian. Look, man, I love sushi too much, and I'm not going to put myself in a position where I won't be able to ever eat sushi again, man. A lot of people think it's cool to say, "Oh sushi, that's bait!", trying to be, you know, rednecks: I don't play that shit, man. I don't care if people think I'm some rich fart or whatever, cuz that ain't happening, right? You can't change the fact that sushi tastes cool as shit, man. And you can get some for cheap. (In a rebellious voice:) I don't care if it does look like a fucking bourgeois thing to do. It tastes fucking good and I love it, so fuck you, man. I ain't no bourgeois, asshole, and what I eat is not gonna say whether I am or not, so fuck you.

Five: Divo Freevow. He was a character in a thing I was trying to write once. He has to wear welding goggles all the time or if he takes them off the world explodes because...I'm not going to explain it to you in detail because it was an idea that never came to fruit. (Coz does go on to explain, but we'll edit this out.) I have to go take a shit, be right back. (click) Well that, like many things, was an idea that never came to fruit.

Divo Freevow is a lover of beauty. Divo Freevow is a sighted person who lives as a blindman behind his totally black goggles. He reads with braille and uses a dog or a walking stick. When people say, "Look at that, it's beautiful." Divo takes his glasses off. And so the only things he ever sees in life are beautiful. He's crazy as fuck. So put that in your pipe and smoke it, goddammit.

My Monster Movie, question number six. Well, it was one film I was working on when I started getting ideas for another movie I'd like to do about kung-fu with only blond-haired people and call it Swedish Karotica, and that doesn't tie in with the monster movie at all, right?

Texas!!! I was born in Pakistan and moved to California--a fucking stupid-ass place called Long Beach. I was too young to remember very much of that except running around in leopard skin pajamas. (laughs) We moved to Florida. I travelled extensively...South Carolina...Saint Louis, Missouri...just going around to various religious events that were going on. It was a blast and I enjoyed it. Then we moved to Chicago, and then to Evanston, Illinois, in a house that had been rented by Al Capone. My cousin David and I moved to Houston. Now I'm in Allston. One thing about Texas is: there's a thing called Ramen here. Ramen is a Japanese noodle, like a noodle soup. It's in a little package and you cook it up and it'll make a meal for you. You can buy those for...I've seen them as low as eight for a dollar. Eight packages of ramen for a dollar, man. I'm eventually gonna get around to sending Lisa Suckdog a big package of ramen in the mail so that she can taste some, because she says she can't find any there in New Hampshire. But uh, really Texas is an amazing place to live. Anyplace in the world is an amazing place to live if you can open your eyes and juve to what's really happening.

HAREMS? What the fuck? Question number eight. You know, I'm wondering if I'm going to get through all these questions...Harems? Fuck, man, I never said shit about no harems. Oh, wait a minute, I had a dumb-ass flippy-dippy dip-shit song on my stupid-ass Aphrodite's Sexy Nightie tape called 'Harem Holiday.' Yeah, that was kind of a wack attempt to do some kind of a...song. (laughs) I don't know, man. But that's something I really don't want to get into, man. (The rebellious voice:) Fuck number eight!

Number Nine, Outer Space. Outer space is a really funky metaphor for a totally artificial and gone environment where anything can happen. And yeah, it's like psychedelic soup out there. It's a fucking reality to anyone with a brain that there's other creatures out there. It's mind-blowing, man. It's just like: wow, man, you don't need drugs, you need to open your head to outer-space, man. Which leads into question number ten, man: Bisexuality, drugs, and David Bowie. Wow. Drugs drugs drugs drugs drugs drugs drugs drugs drugs. I was into drugs (laughs) and then I'm not. I'm not into drugs any more, man. Look what fucking alcohol and shit does: just fucking eats you alive, man. Man, I've been to parties in my life, and the best parties I've ever been to, man, I never took shit, man. What we did was: there was sodas to drink and there was chips and dip to eat, man, and the way we partied was we listened to a lot of funky music and danced, man, and that was a blast, man. Those were funky days, man. I swear to god, there was good funky music being played, man, and it was cool, man. It was out of sight, man. It's like, if people could see what it is really like to party, man...

Bisexuality! Well, I figure everybody's got a homosexual impulse inside of them. My own personal choice is not to act on it. I'm using whatever is in there to really make my relationship with Diannah go better. I'm into monogamy. And I'm into being with this one person that I love. Forever. And we're gonna be married.

And David Bowie, man. As an isolated event, the dude is a total genius. And, man, when he did this Tin Machine thing, it blew me away. Aw, man, when he did his Tin Machine shit it was like, goddam, man, Bowie has got the jam, man. He knows how to fuck with people's head, man. Here he is coming off with this retro disco album, and all of a sudden--BAM!--he hits into the best rocking things he's ever done.

- FINIS -

Coz has about 25 tapes and a few books out. My favorite is Instant Osmosis. I have lost Coz's address, so if anyone knows it, please tell me.

I hope to take this to the printer next issue, and to spend more than twenty minutes on the graphics. I'm leaving now for a four week U.S. tour, so expect: a lot of photos and gossip of Lisa Suckdog, Costes, Bill Smog, and anyone we meet on the way: in Roller derby 2. Buy or trade ads. POBox 1491, Dover NH 03820.

NUMBER ONE BAND FROM ROCHESTER, NH, IT'S ...

